

Dark Twins

by Liz Skywalker

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Summary: Luke has twins. And he's a dark lord.

Dark Twins

Story outline: okay, this is a major alternate universe sort of thing. Basically, Vader found Padme and Luke and raised him. Obi-wan and Yoda died of old age, never training anyone else. Leia is Bail's daughter, not Vader's. She isn't strong in the force at all. But Han didn't fall in love with Her because she was force sensitive :) (hint!). Anyway, Luke was trained in the Dark side and became second in the empire when Palpatine died. Now he has a Couple of sons and they have a rebellion to top it all off. Have fun!

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Dark Twins by Liz Skywalker (lizskywalker@hotmail.com)

Lord Luke Skywalker, second in the Empire, looked at the two identical boys standing in front of him. They looked back up at him expectably. He sighed and gestured with his hand. A dark object floated obediently into his outstretched hand. The boys' eyes widened in astonishment.

"How did you do that sir?" the older boy asked him.

"Concentrate on the object. Think about it coming to you; use some of your anger to force it to come. Now, try it." He said. The three-year-old boys closed their eyes and concentrated, trying to pull the object to them. Both trying, they succeeded.

"Good. Now, Denis, try on your own." Luke said, nodding to the older boy that had spoken before. Denis strained and Luke felt Denis' anger at not being able to do it. Luke pushed at Denis to use his anger.

Denis obliged and the object flew towards him.

"Good. Ian?" The younger boy nodded and pulled at the object. Luke smiled, looking at his sons and remembered. Remembered the day not so long ago...

**** Luke had been summoned to the throne room unexpectedly. He had stood before his father.

"Have you given any thought of having a child, my son?" The Emperor had asked him, confusing Luke. A son?

"No, sir. I never had a need to." Luke had answered.

"Luke, I'm not going to be around forever. When I'm gone, you are going to be the Emperor and you are going to need a second in command that you can trust. I think you should give getting married some serious thought." Emperor Vader had said.

"Yes, sir." Luke had said and then was dismissed. He had thought about it for a few days and was not surprised to be summoned to the throne room again.

"Well?" The Emperor had prompted.

"I have given the matter thought, Father, and I am willing to get married, but I have no one to get married to." Luke had answered, giving the answer that he had worked on for three days.

"I have someone in mind." The Emperor had made some sort of gesture and a holo appeared of a red haired woman. "Mara Jade. Age 24, a year younger than you. Formerly a Hand of Palpatine, resigned after his death by Rebels 7 years ago, now employed at Imperial Intelligence. Strong in the Force, but with a lot of undeveloped talent. Willing to be married. What do you think?"

"If you want me to marry her, I will sir." Luke had answered and a few days later, they were married in a small, secret ceremony. So secret that the one who conducted it was killed quietly later. A few months later, Jade had reported that she was pregnant. She died during childbirth, seconds after the younger boy had come out. Luke raised the boys and both he and the Emperor trained them. They had inherited their father's face and blue eyes. Those same ice blue eyes that struck fear into all that saw them. They also inherited their maternal grandmother's dark black hair with streaks of Luke's mother's brown. The only thing they had gotten from their mother was her flexibility, they excelled at gymnastics, and they had the Skywalker sense of the Force. They were entirely loyal to the Empire and learned quickly...

**** Luke shook himself out of his reminiscing just in time to see the object fly to Ian's hand. He sensed someone at the door.

"Good. Both of you go to the training room and practice this. Also try to see if you can move it away from you." Luke said, remembering the Emperor's command not to let anyone know about the twins and their abilities. The boys ran off to the training room as the door chimed.

Luke pointed with his finger and the door slid open silently. Grand

Admiral Piter Adder, the third in command of the Empire, walked in, not surprised, as many were, when he saw that no one had pushed the open mechanism on the door. The Grand Admiral was a wizened old man and he knew better than to question Lord Skywalker about his Force capabilities, now or ever. He did not know that Skywalker was the Emperor's son, but he did know that the Emperor seemed to trust his second in command with anything.

"Ah, Grand Admiral Adder. Do come in. I take it you wish to speak with me about this Rebel Problem?" Luke said, mentally laughing. He didn't 'take it', he knew it. But by not reveling this and seeming all knowing, even without knowing, he encouraged fear of him in the Grand Admiral and fear fed the dark side.

"Yes, my lord. The Emperor wishes to see these Rebels gone." The Grand Admiral said as Luke ushered him into a small room where they spoke to great lengths about exterminating the Rebels.

Twelve years later: Denis and Ian Skywalker rushed into the lift to the throne room. They didn't know what they were being summoned for and the summons had come when they were dressing, causing them the need to hurry. They looked disheveled and knew that this was not the way one looked when one was going before the Emperor. They tried to straighten out their black hair and succeeded partly. They hoped they wouldn't be rebuked for their appearances.

"Ian!" Denis called to his brother.

"What?"

"Fix that curl! It's hanging over your eye. Good. Anything on me?" Denis hurriedly asked and was relieved when his brother shook his head no. The fifteen-year-olds were both suited up entirely in black and carried black lightsabers at their belts. Their training had been completed only a few months before and they were just getting used to the feel of the dark power that coursed through them. They forced themselves to be calm as the lift neared the throne room.

The lift opened and the twin Skywalkers walked calmly up the stairs and bowed before the Emperor. They both noticed the presence of Grand Admiral Adder and switched their mind frames to call their father and grandfather by their formal titles. Their relationship should not be known.

"What is thy bidding, sire?" They asked the Emperor simultaneously.

"You will go to the pilot's academy on Carida as students in their new program, and will seek out the Rebels and gain their trust. When the Rebels defect, you will defect with them. All other details are on these data pads," a servant stepped forward and handed them two data pads, "any questions?" The boys shook their heads. The Emperor dismissed them and they bowed and left.

Denis and Ian rushed into the turbo-lift and went down to their quarters. Once there, they started reading their respective files on their cover story and identities. They were not surprised by the thoroughness, being that they had been on countless undercover missions. After all, who could suspect two young teenagers? Therefore, they went on missions that had to be distanced from having

direct connections to the Empire.

"Well, Ian K'van, how do you think we will do on our entry exams?" Denis asked, invoking their cover names and stories.

"Well, Denis K'van, ever since the pilots academy started a new program to take in 15 and 16 year olds in their ranks provided they had a certain IQ and skills, teens our age have taken advantage of this and joined. But among them were traitors, so the academy must be careful. My idea is that we will undergo interrogation to validate our stories, so we are going to need to set in place Force mind blocks that don't look like mind blocks. But, I'm confused over how we get out. According to this, if we get caught as Rebels at the academy, we shouldn't reveal our real names, but say that we are loyal Imperials and give no names of the Rebels. But if we are caught as Rebels in a base attack, we should surrender and remove the mind blocks. If we are caught in the air we should surrender and get our squadron to surrender. But what if we are caught on an Intel mission, or in the midst of defecting?" Ian asked. Denis inwardly sighed. Ian was more of a follower than a leader, even though he could be a leader when he wanted to. Denis instinctively knew that one day, it was possible that he would be the Emperor, being that he was the elder. And Ian expected that and held no grudge. Ian seeked permission and filled details and no one told the Emperor what to do.

"We are going to a pilot's academy. Why would we be on an Intelligence mission? And even if we are, we are probably just going to be flying cover and can fly out of there. If we are caught, it's probably the same as being caught at base. Being caught in the middle of defecting will be no problem. We could just distract the guards. If they reported it to the Emperor, well, it's ONE way of reporting in. Anyway, all we have to do is go there. And we need to go soon. The new term starts in a month and it's almost the deadline. Do the 'pads say anything about taking the exams, brother?" Ian nodded and they poured over the 'pads once again.

Grand Admiral Adder looked at the place where the boys had just been. He knew that this was one way of infiltrating the Rebels and he WAS the one who had suggested it, but he still had qualms over involving innocent boys. Actually, now that he thought about it, they probably weren't all that innocent. They acted like they had been on numerous Imperial missions, and it wasn't entirely impossible for them to have. After all, who would suspect youths that young to be on espionage assignments? The Emperor shook him out of his musings.

"You object to this plan, Grand Admiral?" The Emperor asked, quietly. Adder tensed. Could the Emperor know that he was doubting him?

"No, your Majesty." Grand Admiral Piter Adder replied, not quite succeeding in keeping his fears out of his voice.

"Very well, then. You are dismissed, Grand Admiral." Adder bowed and left the room.

"What are your impressions of Adder?" Vader asked Luke as soon as the Grand Admiral had left the room.

"He is entirely loyal to a point. He harbors no doubts except one. He

wonders at the wisdom of sending in seemingly innocent boys to a place where their loyalty can and will be tested by the enemy. He absolves this in his mind by saying that they are probably prepared, but he is shaken by the fact that he doesn't know of them or of their background. He fears that they will become Rebels and plot to overthrow us. He believes that it's like walking straight into a Krayt Dragon's lair. An unnecessary risk." Luke replied.

"Good. Do you have any doubts about them?"

"No, Father, I don't. That's not coming as their Father, but as someone who observed them when they were growing up and lately. They are completely loyal and sending in both of them will reinforce the other in the worst case scenario. If one starts to believe Rebel propaganda, the other can fill that one's mind with Imperial thoughts. The perfect setup, one that cannot easily fail." Luke reassured Emperor Vader.

"I wonder, will Ian fight Denis, though, over the fact of Denis' birthright?"

"How so, sir?" Even as Luke said it he understood. Ian could turn Denis in to a superior officer at the academy for being part of a rebel plot. The Emperor nodded. "I don't believe so, sir. Their loyalty to each other is as strong as their loyalty to the Empire; and in some odd way they rely on each other. Ian relies on Denis to fill in gaps and Denis relies on Ian to be practical about everything and basically, it's a symbiotic system. They could live without each other, but I don't know how that would turn out. In a nutshell, Ian wouldn't betray Denis and vice versa." Luke said. The Emperor nodded and he and Luke went on to other business.

As the shuttle neared the pilot's academy, Denis and Ian got nervous.

"Relax, brother. It's just a training center." Ian told his brother.

"Yeah, I know. But something about it is a little... Oh I don't know..."

"Intimidating?" Ian filled in.

"Yeah, that. And the fact that our mission borders on treason, never mind that we are ordered to do it, it violates my morals." Denis said.

"Just remember to mind those morals, my brother. We have to infiltrate the Rebellion. Our morals are going to be put to the test. But we must act like Rebels to get the Rebellion to notice us. To do that we need to project a certain attitude without being reported in for insubordination. My guess is that we just do whatever we are supposed to do for the first couple of weeks. If we want to talk, we can open a Force-link. Let's play it by ear, shall we?" As Denis nodded, the shuttle opened.

Denis and Ian walked out of the shuttle over to the officer there.

"Names and home planets?" The officer asked them.

"Denis K'van from Imperial Center, sir."

"Ian K'van from Imperial Center, sir." Ian finished.

"Brothers?"

"Yes, sir." Denis answered crisply.

"Here are your room assignments. Be at the briefing room at 1500 hours."

"Yes sir." They answered together and picked up their duffels. Together they walked to their rooms. They were pleased when they saw that their rooms were across the hall from one another. They walked in, Denis to his room, Ian to his.

"Hello." A voice greeted Denis. Someone lay on the bottom bunk of the room.

"Hello." He returned.

"My name is Gerri K'lar. I saved you the top bunk. What's your name, amigo? Gerri asked.

"My name is Denis K'van. I'm from Imperial Center. Where are you from?" Denis asked. Their home planet had to be Imperial Center because they had stubble accents that could have only come from that world.

"I'm from Alderaan." Gerri said, wincing.

"Alderaan?" Denis asked, suspicious. Alderaan had been known for years as being sympathetic to the Rebellion. In fact, Alderaan's senator, Leia Organa, had been a suspected Rebel for years.

"I'm not a rebel! I promise! I know, I know. I had to undergo interrogation when I got here this morning to make sure I wasn't a Rebel. My father never voted for Organa and denounced her in public!" Gerri defended himself. Denis felt that Gerri wasn't telling the entire truth. Denis went into Gerri's mind and found that while he wasn't a Rebel, he did have Rebel sympathies. Perfect!

"Calm down, friend, I believe you! Do you also have to be in the briefing at 1500?" He asked.

"Yes. Want to go with me?" Denis nodded and they walked out of the room. He felt someone behind him just before someone tapped him on the shoulder. Ian.

"Hey Ian. How's everything? Oh, Ian. This is my roommate Gerri K'lar, from Alderaan. Gerri, this is my brother Ian K'van." Denis introduced them. Ian and Gerri shook hands.

"Are you twins?" Gerri asked, somewhat intimidated. They had to be at least brothers; they looked nearly exactly alike.

"Yes." Ian said. He hadn't missed what Denis said. Alderaan. That had to mean that Gerri was a Rebel sympathizer! What luck! The Force must be with them. "Oh. This is my roommate, Mica K'last, Mica this is my

brother Denis and his roommate Gerri K'lar."

"Pleased to meet you." Gerri, Mica, and Denis all shook hands. They headed off for the briefing room and made it there with about ten minutes to spare. They met some of their new classmates and introduced themselves. As long as no one asked personal questions, they were fine. They had decided to tell the truth up to a point, but there was always a chance of a slip up. They were the only children; their father worked for the Empire, their father was an only child, as was their mother, who had died during childbirth. Their father's name was Anakin and their mother's was Padme, though. Their grandfather had served under Emperor Palpatine, but he died when he heard of Palpatine's death. Their grandfather's name had been Jade K'van and their grandmother's Mara. They didn't know anything about their mother's side of the family.

The commander came in and the new students took their seats.

"Welcome, new recruits, to the Carida Pilot Academy. You are the third group of students under our new youth program. You'll find that this program is a little more lenient about some things. But we have the same curriculum as the normal program. One thing: If any of you are found to be Rebels, we kill you on the spot. No exceptions." At this Denis smiled, if they were caught as Rebels, they would distract or kill the guards. The commander went on. "All of you are to report back here tomorrow morning at 0700. Dinner is at 1900 sharp, don't come on time, no dinner. Any questions? No? Dismissed." The commander finished and walked out of the room.

"I wonder why he added the thing about being a Rebel. Not that any of us are, but my brother went here and they didn't have that when he went." Gerri asked Denis. Denis grinned inwardly. Only a worried Rebel would wonder over that.

"I don't know if I should be telling you this, but I heard that there were some Rebels in the other groups in this new youth program that went over to the Rebellion and took some of their squad mates with them. The Rebels need pilots, so here is a good place as any to get them." Denis answered as Ian and his roommate came over.

"Yeah, friend. One of my friends back home told me about someone who jumped the bucket over to the Rebellion. We then went to the police station and gave them the kids' brother's letter home explaining why." Mica offered.

"Darn traitor," Ian said and they all agreed with him. Mica and Gerri went off to talk over something and Ian and Denis were left alone.

"Well, what do you think, brother?" Denis asked.

"Gerri definitely. Mica, probably. They think we are, but have no evidence and don't want to give us in, yet. They think the commander will ask them how they know and how like knows like, that sort of thing. They're scared of that." Ian said. "For now, I say we keep up what we are doing and be the best pilots this academy has ever seen. Just make sure we don't shoot down the commander. Plan?" Ian asked.

"Plan." Denis answered. "Don't get swayed." Ian nodded and they all walked back to their rooms.

"Well, what do you think of my brother?" Ian asked Mica later that night, just before lights out.

"He's nice and all. Are you close?" Mica asked.

"Very close. Sometimes it seems that I can read his mind. He's basically the only family I have. My mother's dead and so are my grandparents. The only other family I have is my father." Ian said, trying to see if he could get Mica to tell him if he was a rebel or not.

"I wish that was the same with me, sometimes. It's a whole other existence with siblings. I'm the oldest of eight and my mom's pregnant. My dad works at a shipyard and my mom basically stays home. My best friend from home taught me how to fly. He's the one whose brother defected. What does your dad do?" Mica asked, stretching out on his bunk.

"My dad works for the Emperor in the Imperial Palace. I kind of grew up hearing stories of the Emperor and the old Emperor Palpatine. I'm not old enough to remember the day he died, but my dad tells us the story of what happened. My dad came home really sad and went to my grandfather's room. My father told my grandfather the news and then my grandfather screamed that it couldn't be true. You see, my grandfather worked very closely with Emperor Palpatine and when he died, well, my grandfather nearly went mad. He took out a blaster and shot his head off. The funeral for my grandfather happened right after the Emperor's. The Emperor noticed my father and funded lessons for my brother and I to learn how to fly." As Ian finished up, he mentally sent the story to Denis to use. Their stories had to match up.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm from Correllia. I'm not a Rebel!" He said as Ian eyed him. "I never heard of Han Solo or Wedge Antilles until the warrants went out for their arrests. I'm a loyal Imperial and would never think of being a Rebel!" His defense only convinced Ian. He sent this to Denis.

"Hush, I understand how you feel. No one likes to be accused of something." Ian then stretched out on his bed and promptly went to sleep.

One night, Denis noticed Gerri slip into the room after curfew.

"Huh? Who's that?" Denis asked, startling Gerri.

"Denis! Don't do that!" Gerri exclaimed.

"Where were you?" Denis asked, guardedly.

"No where!" Gerri jumped.

"Gerri!" Denis asked, on a hunch. "Were you at a Rebel meeting?" he accused.

"No! Why would you think that? Do you think I'm a traitor." Gerri

questioned.

"I don't know. Are you?" Denis replied.

"No. I'm a freedom fighter," Gerri declared. "Are you going to turn me in?" Denis merely smiled. This was going perfectly. He sent to Ian and found him awake and having nearly the same conversation with Mica, good.

"No, I'm not."

"You're not?!" Gerri asked, surprised. Not going to turn him in?

"I'm not. I've been looking for the Rebellion and now I've found it. Why would I turn you in?" Denis asked, sending the reply to Ian for him to use.

"What do you mean 'looking for the Rebellion'?" Gerri asked, warily.

"I'm sick of the corrupt doings of the Empire and I want out. I want to be part of the Rebellion. Can you get me in?" Denis asked, putting all the hope he could into his voice. After only three weeks, he had found the rebels! This was better than he expected.

"I don't know. How do I know that this isn't a trap, that you're going to turn us all in?"

"I give you my solemn word of honor that I will not turn you in to the Academy. Promise of an honorable citizen. Now do you believe me?" Gerri nodded. The promise on honor was nothing to be taken lightly and his wording didn't mean that he would never turn them in, just not here, but you'd have to be a lawyer to catch that. Ian picked up on that and swore to Mica also. He felt Mica agree. Good and getting better.

"Will you let me go to the next meeting?"

"Sure. But you'd have to swear in front of them and not be allowed to talk to your brother about this. And don't talk to me about it unless you're sure we aren't being bugged. Next meeting is in a week. Follow me and no weapons. All right?" Denis nodded and went to sleep.

"For the Confederation!" The cry echoed over the entire chamber. It was their tenth meeting and Ian thought that their deception was working. The next speaker was the ringleader, Lieutenant Jaime Hawse.

"Okay, guys. I'm as sick as the next guy over this secrecy, but it's necessary. I've heard a lot of you talking about defecting. I've given this some thought and got an idea. How many of you are graduating soon?" Most of the people there raised their hands. "Good. Those of you that are graduating will have a better chance of defecting than the rest of us. I'm gonna pull all the strings I have to get you paired up in groups of two or more. I'm contacting the Higher Council with your assignments so you can get picked up. Any objections? No? Anybody want to speak next? No? Then all of you should go, but be discreet. We can't get found out." Hawse slipped out and crept away. The rest of the cadets left, some staying to talk

to each other. Denis and Ian walked after Hawse.

"Sir?" They asked him.

"Yes?"

"Can you pull strings to get us on the same assignments. Names' Cadets Denis and Ian K'ven."

"I'll do my best." Then he walked off. The twins went off to find their roommates and went back to their rooms.

The next week found Denis, Ian, Mica, and Gerri graduating and being promoted. The transport ship Imperial Pride came and took on 12 TIE fighter pilots with their ships, all Rebels. The Lieutenant was good, very good.

"Lieutenant K'ven. What is that?" The Captain asked Ian.

"I don't know sir. Do you wish to make contact with them?" The captain never had a chance to answer. The com squawked:

'Imperial transport, power down your weapons and prepare to be boarded. Repeat, power down your weapons and prepare to be boarded.' The voice came over the com.

"And if I don't?" the captain challenged.

"You won't do that, Captain." A voice behind him said. The captain turned and saw 5 blasters aimed right at him. "What! Mutiny! You Rebel scum!"

"That's right." Mica said from behind the twins. He picked up the transmitter. "Hello, Rebel ships. This is Imperial Lieutenant Mica K'last. I surrender this ship to you. All of us pilots are defecting, us and our fighters, if you want them. Repeat, we surrender and 12 of us are defecting."

"Hear you loud and clear Lieutenant. Prepare to be boarded."

"Yes sir!" Mica signed off. "Well, guys. This is it!" The bridge erupted into cheers. The only one who wasn't cheering was the Captain who was trying to evade the blasters directed at him. A few minutes later some Rebel officers burst in.

"Okay. Which ones of you are coming?" The first Rebel officer asked. 12 hands went up. "Are your ships fit to fly?"

"Yes sir." Gerri answered.

"Good. All of you that are defecting, get into your ship and slave your controls over to the X-wings. Are you the captain of the vessel?" The officer asked.

"Yes, scum. Shoot me now, if you are going to at all. I'm not at all afraid." The captain declared bravely.

"You don't really want that, do you captain? What's your name Captain?" The lead rebel officer asked.

"Imperial Captain Goth, loyal to the Emperor. You can't sway me!"

"I'm willing to believe that. Goth, Goth, that sounds familiar. Any of you related to a Goth?" The rebel asked the people behind him.

"I am, sir. I've got a Goth cousin. This isn't him so I've got no moral qualms with killing him."

"I wonder. This captain didn't surrender so the law doesn't come in here. If he surrendered, we couldn't kill him, but he didn't. We also can't take him back alive. Killer, how badly do we need a transport?" He asked someone behind him who gave him a low answer. "Okay, pilots to your ship. Captain, I'm letting you go. Go back to your superiors and tell them to add at least 1,000 more credits to the bounty on Wedge Antilles." The Rebel said and then shot out the com and gunner stations on the transport, leaving only the nav-puter functional. "Good bye, Captain Goth. It's been nice knowing you. And, by the way, you only have oxygen enough for a couple of days, so I suggest you make all speed." The Rebel commander made a mock bow and left the Captain to his own troubles.

Minutes later 12 TIE fighters lifted off from the transport and blinked out along with half a squadron of X-wings.

"All systems green and go, commander." Denis spoke into his comm. He had been an official Rebel for a few months and they were getting close enough to trust him with locations before they move. He had never seen anyone come and go so quickly. It's true what they say then, that Rebels are always on the run he had said to Ian the night before and he had laughed.

"Three flight, you are free to engage the eyeballs. Two flight, take the squints. Rest of you, on me, and ready your torpedoes." The squadron rushed to obey the orders. Denis, who was part of three flight, grouped up with Ian, Mica, and Gerri to take on the eyeballs. The rest of the squadron flew elsewhere in the simulator, trying to rack up high scores and impressive kills. Admirals Wedge Antilles and Han Solo were watching and the Rebel pilots knew that they could get promoted if they did well.

"On me, mates. Let's show these eyeballs what flying is like," Gerri called over the comm. Denis complied and shot down a few eyeballs in the process. Twenty minutes and a few comrades later, Denis emerged from the simulator and shook hands with his brother and friends.

"Gerri, what'd you get?" He heard Ian asked Gerri.

"Not that great. 2 eyeballs and shot down by one I didn't even see. How 'bout you?"

"Better. 4 eyeballs and about to get shot down just before sim over sign came on. Denis did the best, instant ace (5 kills) and about to get another. How 'bout you Mica?"

"Terrible. Only one eyeballs and killed by one a few seconds later. Denis, you got the one that had me." Mica said to him as he came over.

"I know. Don't worry, Mica. You got highest last time so this balances it." Denis was about to go when he saw Admiral Wedge Antilles come over.

"You Denis K'van?" The Admiral asked him.

"Yes sir, Admiral." Denis answered

"Thank was good shooting on your part. Especially the Imperial Twist. Where'd you learn that trick? It wasn't taught at the Academy when I was there."

"Sir, I learned it at home." Denis answered, awed by the presence of a veteran of over 300 battles and one of the Empire's archenemies. Wedge Antilles was very intimidating, Denis decided.

"Ah," The Admiral said and Denis wondered for a minute if the game was blown. He was very relieved to see the Admiral take an envelope out of his pocket.

"Lieutenant K'van you are hereby awarded the rank of Captain. Congratulations." With that the Admiral turned and left, leaving Denis in the middle of all of his friends.

Ian looked at his brother and nodded. They lifted off from the base and joined the squadron forming around a large transport. Together, they escorted the transport back to the surface of their secret base. As the transport touched down, Admirals Han Solo and Wedge Antilles came out to greet the transport. Out came Senator Leia Organa and some of her aides. Following them, was two teenagers who immediately ran up to Han Solo and started hugging him.

"Pilots, may I present to you our greatest supporter, Senator Leia Organa Solo. She married the Admiral about sixteen years ago and these are their children. Senator, this is Pride Squadron, named after the transport all these pilots defected in." The commander presented.

"Thank you, Commander. Might I present my children Alia and Paul Solo. Paul is on another squadron, Hope Squadron, so I leave you all to talk about whatever pilots talk about on such occasions." Leia walked on with the commander, her husband, and Wedge Antilles. All the pilots crowded around Paul and Alia but Ian and Denis slipped away.

"What's wrong, Denis?" Ian asked, worried.

"What do you mean? Nothings wrong." Denis defended.

"You can't lie to me. You have doubts about our mission. You think the Rebels are right, don't you? That's treacherous, Denis."

"So I think they're nice. Is that a crime?" With out waiting for an answer, Denis went on, "When Antilles gave me the rank of Captain and some of the other pilots called me 'sir' it made a dent in me, I think. You remember when we went with Father on the destroyer and they all called us 'sir'? That was something we were born with. But this is something that I earned on my own. My own. I'm not just a name, someone related to someone important. I'm Denis! I'm me!" Denis

stated.

"You want to yell your last name, too, Denis Skywalker?" Ian whispered. "Seriously, Denis. We spent our entire lives training and you say you didn't earn anything! We're Sith. I don't know if that means anything to you, but it does to me. Me, I am a person. I have loyalties, unlike you. Loyalties you can have and still be a person. That's not enough to convince me that this Rebellion is for the good of the universe. Look at me, Denis, look at me! I don't think you understand what I'm saying." Ian pleaded.

"You're right, I don't. Why don't you show me?" Denis asked and Ian followed him into an empty hanger. Denis then pulled out his lightsaber, hidden as a blaster. "I challenge you to a duel of will, Ian." Ian jumped back in surprise.

"Denis, what has happened to you? Fine. I accept. But I wish you would see the error of your ways." Ian pulled out his lightsaber and turned it on. Denis' red blade crossed Ian's black. (author's note: Yes, I know that a black lightsaber is impossible, being that black is the absence of light, and a lightsaber is a beam of pure light, but bear with me. It's mostly symbolic, and they can't have exactly the same lightsaber, could they? Then they'd get them mixed up!)

It was not a battle full of suspense. It was very much like the battles they had had in practice, except this one could turn to be fatal with one wrong move. Obeying an unwritten and unspoken rule, neither slashed as to kill. Round after round, they fought, neither getting the upper hand, neither backing down. Rebel and Imperial circled and parried the others blows. All the while, Ian fought to get into Denis' mind but to no avail. He was as unpenetrable as duracrete. Finally, fatigue overtook them. Without speaking a word, they both hooked their lightsabers back on and checked to see if anyone had seen their battle. They didn't sense anyone around them. Then suddenly someone came out of the shadows.

"Who are you?" Ian asked, carefully, the first words that had been spoken in nearly an hour.

"Alia Solo. What kind of weapon is..." She trailed off as Ian took hold of her mind.

"You didn't see that. You weren't here, you were asleep outside the door. You didn't see us. You didn't see anything. Understand? Now take a little nap." She lay down and went to sleep. "What, brother! I thought that you were going to object."

"I don't object to the necessary."

"Yet you do. Here's some brain candy for you. If this Rebellion ever prevails, they will reinstate the Jedi Knights, the light side users. I hope you have fun, Jedi Denis." With that spoken, Ian turned and went, leaving Denis to his own thoughts on that. Being Sith, their natural enemy was the Jedi and they had been brought up to hate them.

Denis tossed and turned all night. He believed in the Rebel cause, or at least he thought he did. But what Ian had said burned deeply into his brain. He wasn't a Jedi that was the worst insult anyone could have given him. He was a Sith and proud of it. And the Sith served

the Empire, period. The Rebellion wanted a New Republic and that meant Jedi. But weren't the conditions in the Empire terrible? They were better before the Rebels, but that doesn't mean the Rebels are the cause of the economic damages. Were they? With the Empire and the Rebel Confederation warring, some planets were reduced to ashes, but the Confederation were the provoked, weren't they? Denis didn't know and was too tired to notice Ian digging through his mind placing doubts in the young Rebel's head. He was shaken totally out of the idea of sleep by the speaker saying that they were under Imperial attack and they needed to get to their fighters to escort the transports out of there.

Denis raced out of his bed and pulled his flight suit on quickly. Jumping over camping blankets, he made his way to the hanger. He saw all of Pride Squadron running towards their X-wings and joined them. Pride Squadron was assigned escort duty of the senator's large transport. He saw Han Solo carrying a still sleeping Alia onto the transport. He jumped into his X-wing and established a Force-link with his brother. 'Is this what the instructions say being caught in the air is?' he sent.

Ian paused at little before answering. 'I think so. Since our entire squadron is assigned to the senator's transport it's an ideal opportunity. If you are willing to be an Imperial for a few minutes, you can surrender our 12 fighters and the transport and I'll keep them unaware and pliable to the surrender order. Plan, brother?' Ian held his breath, there was still time from Denis to prove that he was a Rebel through and through and tell all. 'Plan. I surrender, you confuse them. Removing my mind block now, suggest you do the same with yours' Denis sent back. 'Done', Ian replied and grinned inside. Everything was back to normal. They lifted off in a tight formation around the senator's transport and started making a run for it. 'Now!' Ian heard in his mind. He stretched out and grasped hold of the pilots in Pride Squadron and the people in the transport. 'My part done, now do yours!' Ian thought.

"Imperial ship, this is Captain Denis K'van. I surrender myself, my squadron, and the transport we are defending." Denis declared over a wide range of bands to the Imperial ship. "We await your orders. Repeat: we surrender and await your orders." Ian started sweating. He hoped the Imps would hurry it up. It was hard holding all these minds in check, especially the senator's. Her's was so complex it kept sliding out from under his mental 'fingertips'.

"Fly straight and power down your weapons. Any attempt at escape will be answered with a death shot. Do not resist the tractor beam." Came the reply.

"We understand. Complying with your orders now." Denis answered and switched off his comm. Ian strained to tell all the pilots to do so and was surprised when it got lighter. He touched the other presence and saw that Denis was helping him. 'Thank you' he sent quickly while ordering the transport people to step away from the steering and guns. A few minutes later, the ships were sitting in a docking bay on the Imperial Class Star Destroyer Rebel-slayer. A few dozen stormtroopers were their welcoming committee.

"All right, all of you. Come out with your hands up!" The Commander of the 'troopers said. Ian and Denis grabbed hold of the Rebel's minds once again and told them to come out with their hands up high

in the air. Denis and Ian jumped out first, followed by Pride Squadron and the occupants of the senatorial transport.

"State your names." The Commander said to Han Solo and Wedge Antilles. They looked up blankly at him.

"Tell him your names." Denis commanded them.

"I never gave you permission to speak!" He thundered at Denis who looked to Ian. Ian shrugged 'so what are we supposed to do about it?' and Denis agreed. Denis and Ian released their holds on Han and Wedge.

"Admiral Wedge Antilles and this is Admiral Han Solo. Where are we?" Wedge said, confused. What was going on?

"Take them to individual cells. All of them. This is a great accomplishment. Lord Skywalker will be pleased." The commander ordered his troops. The last caught Denis and Ian. Lord Skywalker? Their father was here? Well, nothing they could do but follow the stormtroopers to their cells and hoped that their mind blocks were truly gone. It was their ticket to freedom and they didn't want to squander it. Their father might not be so pleased with the fact that Denis was half a rebel. What if they weren't supposed to surrender now, but later? Denis and Ian were taken to neighboring cells and thrown in. The Imperials had taken their blasters and their lightsabers, leaving them without a weapon. 'No, we are unarmed but the Force is our ally, we are never without a weapon.' Denis said in Ian's head. 'Too true, but if Father is mad at us, nothing will help us.' Ian replied. Ian went through his mind looking for any traces of a mind block and found none. Denis underwent the same process and also found nothing. Feeling satisfied, they both went to sleep.

The stormtrooper who had relieved Denis and Ian of their weapons reported back to his commander.

"Sir, two of them were armed with these."

"What's your service number, trooper?" The commander asked, suspicious. Was this a Rebel plot?

"SW 1456, sir."

"What were these two's names?"

"They said they were Denis and Ian K'van, sir." The trooper reported. The commander took the odd weapons from SW 1456 and went to see Lord Skywalker.

"What is it Commander?" Lord Skywalker asked as former walked into the latter's quarters.

"My lord, a squadron of Rebel pilots surrendered to us along with a transport."

"I was not unaware of this, Commander. State your point."

"Two of the pilots were armed with these, my lord." At this, the twin lightsabers flew into Luke's hand.

"I see. What were the names of these rebels?"

"They said they're names were Denis and Ian K'van, my lord." Lord Skywalker's face remained expressionless, sending jolts of fear through the commander. Was he not supposed to report this?

Inwardly Luke was smiling approvingly. Good. Denis and Ian had kept up their deception and had kept their lightsabers with them. And an extra bonus, the proof that Leia Organa was a Rebel. The Emperor would be pleased. "Very well then, commander. Interrogate the senator. Bring the owners of these weapons to me." Luke ordered and the commander bowed and left.

Ian was awoken by the sound of stormtroopers marching down the halls. He felt to Denis and saw he was awake already. One stormtrooper opened the door.

"Follow me." He commanded. Ian rose but didn't move.

"Where are you taking me?" Ian asked and saw the trooper shudder. 'Denis, where are we going?' Ian sent. 'I think we are being taken to father. The 'troopers are scared stiff, so it's either him or the Emperor.' 'Come on, Denis. Do you know the probability that the Emperor is here?' 'Yeah, brother. But you wanted an answer.' Denis sent, laughing but they soon sobered up. They rounded a corner and walked into a dark room, which sent fear coursing through Denis and Ian.

"Leave us." A shadowy figure said to the troopers, who bowed and left. The shadowy figure turned away from the view-screen and looked at the boys, who gulped.

"Report, Denis K'van," Lord Skywalker said, stretching the surname K'van.

"Sir, we infiltrated the Rebels as ordered and waited until the appropriate time which happened to be today. We followed orders and surrendered ourselves and our squad mates. We happened to be on escort duty, so we surrendered the transport with us." Denis replied.

"Where are the Rebels supposed to regroup?"

"We don't know, sir. The senator knows, she was supposed to send us the coordinates once we were passed the ships." Ian answered.

"Why did you surrender your lightsabers? Do you know how foolish that was?" Luke asked them.

"Sir, they wanted our weapons and the orders said to cooperate with them. We apologize if we made a mistake," Denis said.

"How many of your squad mates were close friends with you?"

"We were close with 2 of them more than all the others, sir, but we were friends with all of them." Denis answered, wondering where this was all going.

"These pilot friends of yours aren't giving us any information, both of you go to your closest 'friends' and get the information out of

them."

"Yes sir." Denis and Ian replied and left.

Mica sat in his cell and stared at the blank walls for want of anything better to do. He straightened as he heard some footsteps come towards his cell. As the door slid open, he saw an amazing sight. His 'best friends' suited up completely in black with some sort of weapon hanging at their belts. They hadn't been wearing this that morning and they hadn't packed anything like that in their X-wings. The implications of it sunk in very quickly and Mica backed away from the door.

"Hello, Mica. How are you doing today?" Ian asked, mockingly.

"Traitor! You spilled everything! You told! How could you cooperate with these Imps? Traitor to all you ever held dear!" Mica accused. Ian and Denis didn't even flinch.

"Traitor? That's an interesting title. Yes, I'm a traitor to the Rebel cause, but you're a traitor to the Imperial cause. You are a rebel and caused others to rebel. That's a serious crime in the Empire. By telling the Imps everything, you can lighten your sentence." Denis added.

"And by doing that, cause my compatriots to die? No thanks. I'd rather die than betray them." Mica declared. How could his friends do this? He didn't remember surrendering, which was odd. He only remembered flying then he was in this room. Only a Jedi could do that to him, or a ..." Suddenly it all clicked for Mica. "You were with the Empire from the beginning, weren't you? You probably work for the Emperor himself! And you did your job, did it so well that we didn't have a clue. Well, congratulations. I hope you made the Emperor happy. The senator won't tell you the rendezvous point and I won't say anything at all. Pick through my mind at your discretion, but you wouldn't get anything of value from me." Mica declared valiantly.

"Very well, then. You're going to wish you never said that, Mica." Ian said, and then plunged into Mica's mind. 'Confess,' he told it, 'confess and they won't kill you. You don't want to die, Mica. You want to live. No cause is worth giving your life for except the Imperial cause. Rebels are making the galaxy worse. By making the Empire concentrate on warfare, we can't work on improving conditions. You can change that. Tell all and the galaxy will change for the better. Confess. Confess.' At first Mica resisted to the chant in his brain, but it didn't last long. After a few minutes of hearing that, he confessed everything he knew about the Rebel Confederation and begged to become an Imperial. Ian and Denis caught his entire confession on tape, just like they had gotten Gerri's a few hours before. At the end of his confession, Mica fell down on the cot in his cell, he had barely enough energy left to move.

"Ian? Can I ask you something?" Mica asked meekly.

"What?"

"Who's your father? Provided that you weren't lying, you said that your father worked for the Emperor. Only now do I understand what

that means. But at least tell me, who is your father?" Mica asked, catching Ian by surprise. He didn't know how to answer, Father had never given them permission to tell anyone and it wouldn't get a confession out of Mica if they told, they already had a confession from him. It might be horror enough to get the senator or one of the Admirals to talk, but not for a pilot. Without answering, Ian and Denis turned and walked out of Mica's cell, locking the door behind them.

Senator Leia Organa, daughter of Viceroy Bail Organa of Alderaan, had no way to clock the passage of time, yet she was sure that at least a standard week had gone by while she was shut up in this tiny cell, cut off from her husband and children. The Imps had been trying for a long time to get a confession out of her, but they hadn't succeeded yet. She wouldn't betray her brainchild, the thing she had worked for all these years. She heard some footsteps near her cell and drew up her courage, expecting anything, but the sight that caught her as the door opened took her entirely by surprise. In the doorway stood two boys that looked vaguely familiar. As they came closer, she recognized them. These were two pilots in Pride Squadron. But how did they escape their cells? And were they here to free her or not? As she looked into their eyes, she got her answers. They were here to get answers from her. And something about their eyes reminded her of something. What was that? Oh, well, she was sure it would come to her sooner or later, provided there was a later.

"Hello, Senator. How are you today?" One of the boys said.

"Let me see my children, and then I'll answer your questions." She lied. The boy that had spoken waved his hand and a projection came of her twins eating at a fine table under no guard supervision.

"Your children cooperated, this is what they are doing right now. If you answer all of our questions truthfully, you can also go free." Denis lied to her. Can't she see that they were Imperials and she was a Rebel traitor?

"What do you want to know?"

"What are the rendezvous coordinates?"

"We're rendezvousing above Kessel." She said and suddenly yelled out in pain.

"Careful, senator. For every lie, we double the pain. For every truth, the pain decreases. I'm sure you don't want to see how much pain you can withstand before you black out." Denis stated unemotionally. "Now tell us. Where is the rendezvous with your Rebel fleet?"

"Dantooine. Aaah! Stop the pain and I'll tell you everything!"

"Stop lying, we reduce the pain. I'm only going to ask you this once more," Denis increased the pain and the senator's screams grew in volume. "Where is the rendezvous?"

"Over Sullust." Leia said weakly, almost blacking out from the sheer pain.

"What were you going to do with this fleet you were assembling?"

"Use it to bring aid to a starving population on Tatooine... AAH! We were going to attack the Bilbringi shipyards where we hear the Empire is building a Star Destroyer with more firepower than the Super Star Destroyers." Leia yelled. She couldn't help it. These boys were more menacing than Skywalker... That was it! They reminded her of the Lord Luke Skywalker. They had his eyes, those icy eyes that never failed to make her feel uncomfortable. She had seen them often enough in Senate meetings and here they were on twin boys who had betrayed the Confederation! "You," at this her voice caught, "You are Lord Skywalker's children?" The older one nodded and Leia felt lost. These children were Skywalker's sons! The idea shook her all over and she nearly fainted from the weight of it all. She was overcome with an irrational fear. "I'll tell you anything, sons of Skywalker, I give up." She said weakly. Who could blame her? The sons of Skywalker were both famous and infamous. They had been a myth until now, rumored to have shown up in places that were thought to be unpenetrable, done things thought to be impossible, just been plain and simple spies. They were held in much fear and now that she had met the infamous sons of Skywalker, she shuddered and submitted to whatever they would do to her. She gave up and told them everything they wanted to know.

Denis Skywalker looked over at his brother then out the view-port again at Sullust, where the Senator and the Admirals said the rendezvous point was. It was a tricky operation and both Denis and Ian were to fly in it. This time, though, they were flying TIE Advanced, not X-wings. From the Admirals, the Empire had gotten the codes to unlock the defenses of the major ships, but there were no codes for the snub fighters, so they had to be eliminated one by one. The boys had been busy in the past few days brainwashing the Rebels they had forced to surrender. Those Rebels now took orders from Denis and Ian only and were figured into Imperial Squadron of Truth Wing. Denis and Ian were in charge of Imperial Squadron and being part of Truth Squadron was just window dressing, really they were going to take out the leaders by giving them false information. Since Pride Squadron had been pretty well known among the Rebels, the squadron leaders would listen to their advice. Truth Wing didn't order them around, if Truth Wing knew, they might feel compelled to take down these double-crossers, no matter they were double crossing the enemies, double crossing sets up a triple cross quite easily. Ian nodded to him once, as if listening on his thoughts, actually, knowing Ian, he might be. On an unspoken signal, Denis and Ian turned around and walked to the hanger bays where their ships were stationed. Their TIE Advanced had shields and high-powered lasers; the rest of the squadron would have to make-do with TIE Interceptors. They had elected to use the Advanced even though it showed that they were pretty high up on the social latter because of the shields, they didn't like the feeling of being unprotected in the vacuum of space.

"Imperial Leader to squadron. Sound off." Denis ordered. He had been chosen to be Leader because he was older than Ian was. Imperial Squadron sounded off, all present and accounted for.

"Okay, squadron. Let's show these traitors what a kill ratio is. Get in your assigned groups and take on as many hostilities as possible. The more downed, the greater reward." Actually, that was a lie. No

matter how many someone killed, they got the same reward, that is, to live. He and Ian were one pair, Gerri and Mica were one pair, and so on and so forth.

"Imperial 2, on me." Denis said to Ian.

"Sure, Leader." Was his reply.

"3 and 4, you have the flight over starboard." That was Mica and Gerri. "5 and 6, the flight hard port. 7 and 8, straight. 9 through 12, hard starboard. Go!" Denis commanded. In response, 10 TIE Interceptor lifted off and went to engage their former compatriots. Denis and Ian went off to fight the X-wings.

Luke Skywalker watched the TIEs launch and felt defeated. His sons were out there, against his better judgement, about to get themselves killed. Well, maybe he was over reacting. They were in the best ships the Empire could offer, shielded and deadly lasers, but part of him wished he had been given permission to keep them back. Bored, he twisted his finger and watched as 2 X-wings collided with each other, unable to stop the power of the Force. He knew he was acting like an overprotective father, but he was an overprotective father, so why not act like it? He compelled two more X-wings to collide and sighed. It was going to be a long day.

"Careful, Ian! They don't believe us any more! 2 Xs on your tail!" Denis yelled over the comlink and was rewarded a second later as Ian rolled hard port and swung around, dealing the X-wings a death blow each. Denis watched as a couple more X-wings ganged up on Ian and started a collision course with him.

"Ian! Shoot! I'm not in range!" A few minutes earlier, Denis had been hit and careened out of range. His shields and lasers were working, but not his propulsion systems. He wasn't a sitting duck, but he was sitting. He watched in horror as Ian's shots missed. The X-wing was coming, coming. Just before it was about to hit, two pilots went extra-vehicular. As the Rebel pilot drifted over to him, Denis lined up a shot and disabled the pilot. He heard the pilot surrender to him and Denis tractored him on board and then knocked him out. He watched as Ian drifted around, not able to help him at all. The Imps wouldn't pick him up in the middle of a battle so Ian had as much time as his suit oxygen could hold out. 'Ian, hibernate!' He sent quickly and his reply was the dead feeling of a hibernation trance. Good, Ian had a chance. Anger at almost loosing his brother caused Denis to allow the dark side to sweep over his instruments. Within seconds, Denis was able to fly. He flew right into the fray and shot down about half a squadron before they even knew someone was coming. He made a run through the rest of the fight, shooting if he had to. He never got to Ian, a full squadron, one of the last ones left, blocked his way. He spent nearly an hour on them, they were Elite Squadron, the best squadron in the Confederation. Finally, the fight was over, the remaining Rebels having surrendered.

"Imperial Squadron, sound off." Denis heard about half of his squadron report in, including Mica and Gerri. For all his tough words and appearances, he still considered them his friends, even though the feeling might not be mutual.

"Rebel-slayer, Imperial Squadron coming in. Have one pilot extra-vehicular. Request pickup." Denis led his squadron in and hoped the

Imps would listen to him. They were known to think that a pilot EV meant he screwed up, meaning there was no point in picking him up.

Luke Skywalker looked at the nervous man standing before him, well stared at is a better term. The man shifted uncomfortably under the dark lord's glare.

"Do you question my orders, Commander?" The commander in question shifted in his green uniform once more and stared at the floor. He knew that that was one of the things that Lord Skywalker hated the most, so he quickly looked up.

"No, my lord. It's..." The commander trailed off, aware of his sudden breach of etiquette.

"It's what, Commander?" Luke asked softly, dangerously.

"It's just that the medics see no reason to fix up a pilot who didn't do his part in the battle. They believe that the medical ward would be better to be filled with people who did their part in the battle, instead of getting shot down." The commander answered, clearly expecting for his throat to constrict.

"Inform these medics of yours that this downed pilot is useful to the Empire, and the Emperor himself wants this pilot fixed up, as you would say. Now, I'm sure you don't want to disobey a direct order from the Emperor, Commander." Luke said pointedly. The commander attempted to say something, but his throat started to collapse on him. Instead, he merely nodded and left. Luke hoped he had convinced the Commander. Ian's survival depended on him getting swift medical attention. Involving the Emperor's name had been a good idea. Of course, the Emperor wouldn't want his grandson to die, so in essence it had been a direct command. He only hoped it would be enough.

Denis looked down at the drink that had been placed in front of him. He was sitting in the pilot's lounge alone. Denis was worried about Ian. There was a distinct possibility that he wouldn't make it that Ian would...die. Be gone forever. He looked up at the sound of some footsteps coming towards him. He saw that it was a few pilots from his squadron and from the way they were walking, they weren't happy with him. Their names came to him a second before they reached him.

"Mario, Tommy, Brad, what brings you here?" Denis asked as politely as he could manage.

"You do, K'van or whatever your real name is. We don't remember surrendering, none of us do. We don't remember why we give you our stories. And we don't know why today we only felt loyalty to you in a fight. What were you doing to me, to us, your friends?" Brad asked, putting emphasis on the word friends as if Denis didn't know what it meant.

"Hey, leave him alone guys. Can't you see he's been through a lot? I don't like him very much now, but can't you give him a little break? His brother's sick, probably dying. Does it matter what he did? It was for our own good." Mica said as he and Gerri came around to where Denis was sitting.

"Yeah, turning us traitors was for our own good!" Tommy scoffed.

"If you hadn't, you'd be dead." Gerri pointed out.

"Thanks guys. I know you probably hate me, but thanks for sticking up for me. It's hard now that Ian's gone." Denis said as soon as the trio sulked off.

"Nah, we don't hate you. We just don't trust you anymore. Can you take us to see Ian? You Imps won't let me in to see him." Mica asked and the three of them were soon off to the medical wing. At the guard station, a guard tried to stop them.

"Hey, you kids can't go back there! It's full of medical cases. Besides, you need clearance to get through. So why don't you run along, before I stick a court-martial on your records?" The guard threatened.

"Clearance from Lord Skywalker himself for myself and my friends. Good enough for you?" Denis shoved the paper under the guard's nose, who had no choice but the let them pass. Mica and Gerri were impressed. They hadn't realized that their friend was a high enough spy to have Lord Skywalker get him clearance. When they got to the medical wing, they had to shove the paper under a few more noses until they could see Ian. They walked in the room prepared for the worst and they got just about that. Ian was hanging vertical in a bacta tank, looking totally lifeless. The readings coming from various instruments seemed to be grim.

"Will he be alright?" Mica whispered to Denis.

"I don't know. Let me check." Denis answered. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He seemed to be falling into himself. Actually, he was feeling for Ian's presence. He felt at Ian's hibernation trance and carefully broke him out of it. 'Brother?' a word surfaced in Denis' mind. 'Yes Ian. Careful, you're not well. You're in a bacta tank on the Rebel-slayer. Gerri and Mica are with me. Be calm. You'll be okay soon.' Denis soothed. 'Did we get them?' 'Yeah, little bro. Got them dead. They won't be hurting anyone for awhile.' 'What about the guy who got me?' 'He's in a max security cell. He thinks that all his bones in his body are broken in the most painful way possible. He feels exposed and naked. I went a little overboard but I've been worried. He's all yours when you get out. Father hasn't told me to stop yet and I am positive he knows that I'm taking out my anger and frustration on that Rebel.' 'Give him a break. Let him feel relieved about the lack of pain. Let him remember how bad the pain was and how he doesn't want it anymore. Then let me lay my hands on him when I get out. Let's remind him why the sons of Skywalker are feared throughout the galaxy!' 'You and me, Ian. You don't know what that dead feeling is, the feeling that something that's been in your mind since before birth is gone. And the worst part was knowing that I'd never thanked you for pulling me out of the Rebel influence and bad into normal life.' 'So you're doing that now?' Ian asked amused. 'Yeah, Ian Skywalker, I hereby thank you for being the best brother ever and pulling me out of a serious jam. Uh oh, Father's coming. Better get out of here before he gets here. Get unconscious and be well, okay Ian?' An affirmative answered him.

"He's going to be just fine, now we'd better get out of here before... Lord Skywalker gets here." Denis said to his friends and they escaped the medical wing seconds before Ian's father came to check on his sick son.

Ian Skywalker, just one week out of a bacta tank, slid into a chair in the pilot's lounge next to his friends.

"Ian, did you..." Denis started.

"Yes." Ian replied simply.

"What'd you do to him?" Denis asked intrigued.

"He isn't dead, but he wishes he was. Both his legs are broken and infected. He had a splitting headache and is going mad. He's also conscious enough to understand what's going to happen to him later and what's going on now." Ian answered, referring to a recent visit of his to a certain maximum-security cell.

"How long does he have left?"

"As long as I want, Denis." Ian said smiling wickedly.

"You guys are cruel." Gerri said shaking his head.

"Famous for it." Denis said smiling.

"That how you got the princess to spill the beans?" Gerri said, showing no emotion at the mention of his former role model. Ian stared at him.

"Gerri, I think we might actually be able to make you into a real Imperial yet." He said proudly. "Yep, that's how. Don't ask her though, she'll go into convulsions. We showed her Alia and Paul and she told all." Actually, that was a stretch of the truth, but not that much.

"Uh, Ian? Paul's sitting over there." Mica pointed to a table at the far end.

"We showed her Paul cooperating among other things." Denis said.

"Oh," Mica said, not wanting to push it. He had seen some of the things the twins were capable of and he was sure there were more gruesome things than that which Denis and Ian could do. All conversation stopped as a couple of stormtroopers walked into the lounge. By custom, they were never admitted, but they seemed to be here for a purpose. The stormtroopers made their way to the small table where the group of friends sat talking.

"Can we help you?" Denis asked them nonchalantly. He knew that they could be dead in a second if they tried anything.

"Yes. Lord Skywalker wants to see you and your brother. Now." The stormtrooper's voice offered no chance of an argument.

"We'd better go see what Lord Skywalker wants, eh, brother?" Ian asked. He talks as if he's not aware that his life could depend on

what he said to Lord Skywalker, Gerri thought. He voiced his concerns but they were paid no heed. Denis and Ian rose, downed the last of their drinks and left with the stormtroopers, aware that all eyes were upon them. They walked out casually as if not aware of their stormtrooper guards. After they left, conversation returned to normal in the pilot's lounge.

"They're pretty brave, saying that about Lord Skywalker." Mica noted to Gerri.

"Yeah, they could get killed on account of insubordination. The Empire could do that. From what I hear, they never wouldn't do it. They act, though, as if they had nothing to fear from even the Emperor himself!" Gerri exclaimed.

"Lord Skywalker did give Denis permission to see Ian. The Lord had seemed genuinely concerned over him when he was in a bacta tank. I wonder what that means?" Mica wondered.

"They act like Skywalker also. His protégés maybe?"

"No, too close, more like Father to a son and vice versa..." Mica trailed off as he found out what he was saying.

"Did we just hit the nail on the head, friend?" Gerri whispered, scared. If it was true, then they weren't Denis and Ian K'van, they were Denis and Ian Skywalker. The Skywalker name was much feared throughout the galaxy, sometimes even more than the name Vader. If they were the sons of Skywalker, they were feared in their own right across the galaxy.

"Maybe that's what they told the princess." Mica suggested softly. He wondered what it all meant.

Luke Skywalker turned around to face his twins for the second time that evening. The meeting with them had gone simply enough, there hadn't been much they needed to know. But this was something new, that holo-net communication he had just received. He signaled for the boys to move out of sight as he called for a stormtrooper to come in.

"Inform Admiral Gyps that I wish to see him immediately." The stormtrooper bowed and left the room. Denis and Ian looked at each other in confusion. They hadn't heard what was on that holo that their father had just received and it had been top-priority, Lord Skywalker's eyes only. They wished they knew what had been on it, doubtless they were about to find out. The Admiral walked into Luke's private quarters, eyes never seeing the two fifteen year olds standing in the shadows.

"Yes, Lord Skywalker?"

"Inform the captain to make all speed for Imperial Center, Admiral. Something big is happening there and if we don't make it there within 2 standard days, I will be very disappointed." The Admiral knew that no one lived long after disappointing Lord Skywalker.

"Yes, my lord." The Admiral bowed and left. Luke turned to the twins standing just to the right of where the Admiral had just been, their eyes screamed for an explanation of what was going on.

"You're free to go." Luke said pointedly. It wasn't a comment, it was an order and the twins knew it. They also knew that with their father in his present mood, they shouldn't argue. "And, confirm what your friends know." Denis and Ian turned and saw a smile crossing their father's face for the briefest of a moment. They left the room.

"I wonder what he meant by that?" Denis wondered.

"We'll soon find out." Ian pointed out. They walked back into the pilot's lounge and conversation stopped, clearly half the people hadn't expected to see them again alive. They managed weak smiles as they walked back to their table.

"So, what'd we miss?" Denis asked Mica and Gerri.

"Not much. Some crazy Rebel pilot ran in, well, crawled in. His legs were broken. He yelled that if he ever got his hands on those who did this to him they wouldn't see the light of day again. Then some stormies came and dragged him away. Seems he escaped from a max security cell without doing anything. Whatever." Mica shook his head, but not after he caught a glance being passed between his friends.

"What?" He demanded.

"I think that was Lord Skywalker's idea of a joke." Ian said, why not?

"Huh? That reminds me, there's something else we want to ask you." Mica said softly. Denis threw Ian a glance. Was this what Father had meant?

"What?" Denis said cautiously.

"Are you Skywalker's sons?" Mica asked very quietly, lest anyone should hear.

"Are we allowed to answer that?" Ian asked Denis.

"Let's go outside, shall we?" Denis led Mica and Gerri outside the lounge into an unused room across the hall. "Sheesh! Someone could have overheard in there! I think we are at liberty to answer, Ian. One thing, you guys have to promise this doesn't get out, okay?" They both nodded.

"Yes. Denis and I are Lord Skywalker's sons." The twins watched their friends' faces carefully. Mica's showed nothing until a few seconds later, when it exploded into emotion. Hate, anger, friendship, betrayal, all were there. Gerri's was more refined; he merely showed shock and betrayal. After all, Gerri and Mica weren't official Imperials, they still considered themselves Rebels, it was natural they should feel betrayed. Awe surfaced on Mica's face as he finally figured out what it all meant. It didn't take Gerri much longer to understand the weight of the information that he had just learned.

"If the Emperor dies, Lord Skywalker takes over, and if Lord Skywalker dies, the position goes to his sons, you." Gerri whispered, trying to puzzle it all out. "So in the future, you will be the Emperor? I don't believe it, I just don't believe it. I can't believe it. So Emperor Denis, what are you going to do to us now that we know

who you are?" Gerri asked, laughing madly. Denis and Ian exchanged glances. Gerri didn't check out as being mad, but this wasn't like him.

"Are you alright, Gerri?" Ian asked, concerned.

"As fine as anyone would be if they found out that the twins they had been friends with were the notorious sons of Skywalker."

"Has everyone heard of us?" Denis asked Ian exasperated. It had been good that the senator had been scared, it had made her confess. On a friend though, Denis found himself feeling revolted at the fact that Gerri was this close to bowing on the ground to the fact that they were 3rd in line for the throne. "Gerri, shake out of it. We're going to do nothing. Just don't tell anyone. Father only gave us permission to tell you." It shook Gerri all over again to hear Lord Skywalker directly referred to as someone's father. Denis and Ian exchanged worried glances, which Mica thought meant they were going to do something drastic.

"Snap out of it, Gerri! They aren't going to hurt you, if they were, they would have done so already!" And I need to make sure they don't hurt him like they did that poor pilot who tried to kill Ian, Mica added to himself.

"Calm down, Mica. What did you think we were going to do to him?" Ian asked.

"Just some crazy notion I had about royalty." Mica said, hitting the nail on the head for the second time that night. Denis and Ian paled. "What, what'd I say?"

"Do you know Mica? Swear to me, tell me you don't know!" Denis pleaded. He couldn't know. No one knew that Vader was a Skywalker, it was a closely kept secret. Only four people in the galaxy knew, and they intended to keep it that way. Some guessed, thinking it might be the way Lord Skywalker had escaped Imperial wrath time and time again, but no one else KNEW, knew for a fact, beyond all reason of doubt. Mica was puzzled.

"All I said was that you were royalty. Aren't you? Your father's going to be Emperor, that makes you almost princes, doesn't it?" Mica was just as confused as before when he saw the twins visibly relax. "What did I say?"

"You let on that you knew a dark secret. A secret that half the people in the galaxy who know it are in this room. If you had known, I would have been obligated to kill you." Mica shivered at the thought. Kill me for knowing something?

"You Skywalkers sure are careful, I can say that. Couldn't you just make me forget something like you did in that X-wing?"

"Mica!" Ian warned. Denis' eyes furrowed for a second. "What, brother?"

"Someone is coming."

"Who?"

"Stormtrooper from the feel of it. Could be an officer. He's over confidant, definitely an officer. Just got promoted." Ian and Denis grinned at this. Mica and Gerri didn't have a clue.

"Why's that funny? So the guy just got promoted. What about it? What are you going to do, go out and spoil his fun?"

"Nope, he just got promoted through 'mysterious circumstances'." They still didn't get it. "Father just killed his superior officer, probably for incompetence. None of these high-ranking Imps are good for anything. They serve their purpose then usually make one mistake too many. They get choked to death, but you didn't hear that from me. It's officially called a mysterious accident that happened on their way out of Lord Skywalker's quarters. He's not worried like they mostly are when they don't know why their superior officer just bit the dust, but they don't want to know incase it happens to him. You still don't get it. Probably got to be an Imperial to understand." Denis explained.

"Is there anyway I can get you to stop with your Imperial jokes?" Denis shook his head. "How 'bout I become an Imperial, will that stop you?" Mica asked.

"Mica, you've been an Imperial all your life, you just never knew it. 'Sides, if you officially became an Imperial, you'd be the one making the Imperial jokes." Denis reasoned.

"Whatever. I was serious though. I figure, if I know some Imp secret, I might as well be an Imp myself. Gerri can be an imp; I'll be an Imp. So, Skywalker, can I join?"

"I don't know. Why don't you see the recruiting officer down the hall?" Denis grinned while he ducked the punch. "Seriously? Sure, why not? Want it official?"

"As official as you can get. I'm in too." Gerri proclaimed.

"Alright. In my capacity as a fearsome espionage guy I proclaim, you Gerri and you Mica, old Lieutenants in the Empire and the Rebellion, blah blah blah, yackety-yackety-yack, and all that, an official Imperial, what ever that means, in all official capacities of the said. Just don't make a Force-user mad and you'll have a long career."

"Denis! That's not in the official formula! The official formula is you've got to wait on us hand and foot before we even consider!"

"Sure. While we're at it, why give them the easy one? How about you guys have to feed my dad's pet Rancor until it either eats you or the keepers do? Or telling the Emperor some bad news? Or sneak up on a Royal Guard?" It took Gerri and Mica a minute to realize they were being kidded.

"Your father has a pet Rancor?" Gerri asked, amused.

"Yeah, he keeps it right next to his harem." Denis said with a dead serious face.

"Harem?"

"I was joking! You Rebs sure have no sense of humor."

"That's Imp to you, sir prince. You can tell the Emperor some bad news and Ian can jump the Guard, who, incase you didn't know, carries a Force Pike, pretty deadly, even to your Sith hide."

"Let's backtrack that. How'd you know we were Sith?"

"Kind of obvious, Ian! You're Sith spawn, must be Sith yourselves. My reasoning. What kind of Imps are we anyway?" Gerri asked.

"I don't know. You didn't specify. If you want to know, you've got to clean your fighter with a toothbrush, first. Hey, don't kill me! I really don't, probably a pilot if you want. Let's not worry about that now. Let's toast the amazed expressions on our 'colleges' faces after we came back alive." They all agreed and the foursome walked back to the bar for a few rounds.

Luke looked out over the field of hyperspace, anxious to get home. The message he had received had been cryptic but Luke knew what was going on. The message had been from his father about his approaching death. Vader had predicted the day of his death down to the last minute, but Luke didn't know the specifics, just the date. Denis and Ian didn't know about this prediction and Luke wasn't sure of the correct time to tell them. The date was approaching quickly and the Emperor was setting up the circumstances of his death at that very second. Luke had been summoned because he needed to be there to take the throne as soon as his father's death was official. The Emperor had things to tell him, they needed to map out the new government that Luke would need to set up. The anarchy that caused the Rebellion had to be stopped at once and that would be one of Luke's first official acts as Emperor. His first, however, had to be to remove Grand Admiral Adder from the chain of command. This thought saddened Luke as he remembered himself as a young boy being bounced on the Grand Admiral's knee. He had a soft spot for old Adder, a weak spot, he allowed. He would much rather Adder spent the last days of his life as the 3rd in the Empire, but Ian was to take over that office. Oh well, he was sure the Emperor would think of something.

Luke pushed the page button that was on the armrest of the chair/throne he was standing near. A stormtrooper, responding to his call, walked in and saluted. The trooper stood at attention for the long moment that Luke spent evaluating him and his thoughts.

"Inform Denis and Ian K'van that I wish to see them immediately." The stormtrooper bowed and left. He returned a few minutes later with identical boys following him. Luke knew the trooper wondered at these boys. They had been called to Lord Skywalker often and, impossible as it seemed, walked away unscathed every time. In fact, they didn't feel any fear at going to see Skywalker, which was another impossible feat for the trooper to think about. As impossible as having black hair and light blue eyes, Luke mused. He knew that none of the officers or troopers who came in contact with the twins noticed their eyes, and if they did, it didn't effect them because they were used to blond hair accompanying those eyes.

"Yes sir?" They asked.

"Thank you trooper, dismissed." The trooper bowed and left to stand guard outside his Lord's quarters. "There is something that you need to know. So hear me out, no questions until I have finished." The boys nodded at him and Luke told the tale about Vader's death and the new Emperor with his second and third in command, just brushing over those really. Denis and Ian were thoroughly impressed with their grandfather and understood the reasons for getting home as quickly as the Destroyer could. They nodded to their grandfather's plan and agreed to the steps that had to be taken. It was a well-formulated plan and was sure to work.

Gerri and Mica sat in the pilot's lounge, barely talking, as they had for the last few days. They had arrived at Imperial Center a few days before and Ian and Denis had left as soon as they had reverted to real space. None of the officers or pilots knew anything about what was going on below them on the surface, but the pilots had failed to notice that the shuttle carrying down Lord Skywalker had had two extra passengers. They finished their drinks and were about to leave when Ian walked into the lounge casually and ordered a large drink. He walked over to their table and sat down.

"Hey guys. What's been going on lately?" Looking at him, Mica decided, you couldn't tell he was one of the most dangerous people in the Imperium.

"Not much. Where've you been?" Gerri countered.

"If you really want to know, you've got to wait. Can't say here. Denis is still on the surface. I just got a chance to get back up here and I jumped at that chance. I can't get a decent pilot's drink down there." Ian downed his drink in a few gulps, much to Mica and Gerri's amazement.

"How'd you do that?"

"The Force. If you know how to, you can hold off the potencies on these little babies. Handy trick." Ian said non-perturbed in the slightest. "Shall we leave, gentlemen?" They got up and walked to Ian's quarters. The elegance of it was astonishing. From the outside, you would have thought it was just a regular pilot's quarters, from the inside it looked like a VIP suite. Well, he was a VIP, Gerri thought to himself.

"So anything new happening on Coruscant?"

"It hasn't been Coruscant in over 40 years, Mica," Ian chided gently. "It's Imperial Center now. And to answer your question, yes. This can't leave this room, though. Okay?"

"Sure Ian," was the answer.

"Well, the Emperor is going to die soon, but you didn't hear that from me. G...the Emperor has been going over the new plan of government with us for the last few days, right now they're smoothing out the details. It's crazy, a real madhouse. The command structure took us a full day, and we're still working on it. can you believe that?" Ian shook his head in wonderment.

"So, what you're saying is that the Emperor is dying, so he's

gathering his heir and his heir's heirs to discuss the state of the Empire. I was always under the impression that the Emperor was, as a rule, always suspicious of his second in command, and any proteges, and/or heirs, and/or any apprentices of that second in command. But you're saying the Emperor invited you to a will signing, so to say! The Emperor likes you? I find that hard to believe."

"Believe it." Ian said dryly. "The Emperor was my master along with my father. The Emperor was my father's master, Palpatine really didn't do much with our family." Ian suddenly looked up as he realized what he had just let on. His friends, though, didn't seem to notice that he had included Vader into his family. Maybe one day the secret would be spread over the Empire, it really wasn't that terrible of a secret. In fact, it would make the Skywalker line more feared, that a colossal Apollo had been the father of a royal dynasty, a majestic figure of darkness, without a doubt the most feared man in the Empire, fathered the coldest one in the galaxy, who in turn, fathered the slyest and most dangerous spy team ever. It was fitting, Ian decided. He made a mental note to suggest it next time he saw his father.

"So what's in this chain of command of yours?"

"Well, the agreed on one right now is Father being the Emperor, Denis is the second in command and I'm third."

"Any titles?"

"That's the big problem! Father said that the Sith's dark lord was usually older than 15, but the Sith's laws could be changed if there was a need. AND who in the fleet would take orders from a 15 year old, no matter how much we threatened and killed? But we can't keep the Grand Admiral in the command structure, he's set to die soon and we can't change the command of the fleet that easily. So we've got one prospective title for Denis, Dark Lord of the Sith."

"How 'bout you?"

"I'm easy. I've got the title Prince of the Empire."

"I've got an idea. How 'bout Denis gets the title Prince and you get Second Prince?" Mica fully expected Ian to get really mad over this idea. It was a blow to his ego and his ideas, but instead he merely nodded.

"That's a good idea. I'll send it back down planet-side." Ian opened a mind link with his brother. 'Denis?' 'Yeah, Ian?' 'Mica got an idea up here about titles. Any luck down there?' 'No, Father's got a page going through the library on titles, but the Emperor thinks we're going to have to invent something. What's this idea?' 'Mica's got the idea that you get the title Prince of the Imperium, Empire, what ever, and I get the title Second Prince. What do you think?' 'Good idea. I'll propose it. Hang on. Telling... yeah. Debating... agree! Well, we've got ourselves some titles, all we need now is some jobs. Ask those guys up there for me, will ya?' Denis closed the mind link and Ian blink in the room to revert himself.

"Well?"

"We've got ourselves some titles. Got any jobs though?"

"For both of you?"

"Why not?" Ian shrugged.

"I thought the second in command got to control the fleet."

"He does, but they wouldn't take orders from a 15 year old, no matter what his lineage might be. If you were an Admiral, spent all your life to get to that office, would you take orders from some nobody? Father had a hard time and he was 18, the galactic official age, when he did. 15 is the official age on only a handful of planets throughout the Imperium. So we are still underage according to nearly everybody."

"Do you really want to know if I would? Never mind." Gerri shrugged. "So why don't you do a Force thing, or whatever, and make yourselves appear older? Why not?"

"You have a point there, Gerri. We actually considered that ourselves, but there are problems. If Denis was on a view-phone, let's say, and he was talking to an Admiral, it would be impossible for someone of our training to maintain the allusion. We did think of an imprint, but it would be permanent, so no matter how we looked, they would always see us a certain way. That's just plain dangerous. Also, we'd have to do that to every Imperial, that's hard, tough, and almost impossible. With Father's help, it could be done, but it's not likely. Denis is just going to have to struggle with it. Father's been getting men undeniably loyal to him in high places, they would accept his chosen successor without question, so it shouldn't be that hard. And we could always make some examples of disobedience." Ian said indifferently.

"How could you speak of human lives like that? Don't they mean anything to you?" Mica was outraged at this. His friend wasn't human, he decided. He was aware that he was trying the prince's patience and that if he wasn't Ian's friend, he'd be long gone dead by now. This just outraged him more. How could he kill without a qualm on his conscious? What gave him the right of indifference?

"Peace, friend." Ian said calmly, slowly. "Wasn't it you that said that Imperials aren't human, have no hearts? What's wrong with killing something that isn't human? They are just tools that serve a purpose, as we all are."

"And that includes us?" Gerri asked bitterly.

"From a certain point of view, yes. Even Father is a tool, I didn't say that though."

"And who would dare control the great Skywalker?" Mica asked, equally bitter.

"The Force." Ian said simply. They were all pawns to the will of the Force. But the Skywalker were controlled by the dark side of the Force, the stronger side, enough to give them the power to rule.

"You have an odd view on things, friend." Mica deliberately revived the title that Ian had just recently used.

"A cultivated view. The correct Imperial view. It was drilled into us with our training." Ian shrugged. "Most likely the Imperial view was fabricated by Palpatine and had been taught everywhere since."

"What about your father?"

"What about him?" Ian asked cautiously.

"Where does he figure into this? Where did the great Skywalker come from?" Mica asked, making conversation.

"You don't know the official story?" The official story, Ian knew, had been drilled into them at the pilot's academy. The official story went that when Vader was doing his judicious purges, he came upon a Jedi baby. Having pity on him, he brought the young Skywalker to Palpatine and the baby grew up to become Lord Skywalker, protector of the Empire.

"I know the official story," Mica confirmed. "But I have learned that the official version and the real version can be very different. So what's the real version?"

"I can't answer that." Ian said and Mica's face fell.

"Why? I thought you trusted us!"

"I do! I'm not allowed to. I swear that one day I will tell you. One day the entire galaxy will know, on my honor. And yes, I do have honor." Ian smiled.

"I got an idea, Ian. Listen up..." Gerri started. Ian listened to the entire thing and agreed.

The door opened and a woman stepped out. She took one look at the dark haired boys standing in front of her and took a step backwards.

"Who...who are you? What do you want?" She asked.

"Mom! It's me!" One of the boys said, hurt. "It me, Mica! Mica K'last! This is my friend Gerri K'lar. We met at the academy. Mom, don't you recognize me?" The woman squinted and nodded.

"Welcome home, Mica. It's been too long. How long can you stay?"

"Only for today, we need to be back to Imperial Center tomorrow."

"Come in, come in! Everyone's home, Mica, Gerri. The Dicktat had discharged your father from the Repair Corps so he's home all the time now. What did you do to your hair?"

"It's a long story, Mom. I think you should sit down first. Of course, we can't tell you everything, some things are classified, but we won't lie." They came into the small Correlian house and sat down at the table. A few minutes later a man and a couple of small children sat down. 2 older girls stood by the wall, having no place

to sit down.

"I guess I should start from where my last letter left off." Mica started. "I told you that I had joined the Rebellion with my friends Gerri and Ian and Denis K'van." At the words Ian and Denis, the man sat up straighter in his chair. "Well, everything was great for the first few months, you know, getting used to X-wings and all that. Well, we were at a base over Dantani Prime when the Imperial's caught us there. Denis was in charge of our squadron, he had just been promoted. Anyway, we had escort duty of the two admirals and the princess. Denis surrendered the transport and us and we were helpless for some reason we couldn't understand at that time. I know, Dad, I should have done something, but I found myself immobile. I 'woke up' as you might say it, in a detention cell on the star destroyer Rebel-slayer. A few moments later, I had no way of tracking time, Denis and Ian came in and got a confession from me. I'm not exactly sure how they did it, all I know is I looked at them and knew them to be traitors. I accused them and then they did some weird thing and I told them all I knew about the Confederation. Well, I got relocated to a pilot's room a few days later and couple days after that, we fought in a battle against the Confederation. We were in Imperial Squadron. Denis was Leader and Ian was Deuce. They both managed to get disabled. Denis was stranded for a few minutes and Ian got shot down. He ejected and was picked up later. I understand that Denis had to pull some strings to get Ian towed in, and that Lord Skywalker himself had to order the medics to put him in a bacta tank! Gerri and I hung around the pilot's lounge for a few days after, talking about what happened. We tried to get in to see Ian, we still considered him one of our friends, and were kicked out. So we got Denis to take us down there and saw Ian. A few days later he came out. After he was a week out, we figured out that they were the sons of Skywalker, don't ask how. It's too long to explain. Anyway, we figured that out and Denis and Ian told us a lot of stuff. Well, that's basically everything." Mica finished and waited for the outburst that he was sure was going to come. It didn't.

"So what are you doing now?" One of the standing girls asked them carefully.

"Officially we're part of double I. We call it the blind eyes, though. Imperial Intelligence only sees what they want to see."

"Unofficially?" Mica and Gerri grinned.

"Unofficially, we're SINners."

"Sinners?"

"Yeah. Skywalker Intelligence Network. Its name is pretty prestigious isn't it? It was our idea, actually. We report directly to the twins, no Emperor for us, thank you. We're kind of a gang, you could say. Our initiation ritual is to make ourselves look like the twin Skywalkers, note the black hair. We even got an Admiral to call us 'sir' once. That was cool. Then Denis had to spoil it. Oh well. It was fun while it lasted. There are about thirty of us, a nice gang number don't you think? Loyalty only to your comrades and leader, well, leaders, and all that. We got a few stormtrooper uniforms with some pilot's too. There are a couple of us that stand in for the Skywalker's during some things. They have natural black hair,

though." Gerri shrugged. "You'd be surprised how much dyed hair and blue contacts can make some one respect you." He was referring to the time with the Admiral, Admiral Gyps it had been. The Admiral had been found collaborating with Rebels, so Denis had to kill him. However, he decided to make it an object lesson. All of them, there were 20 at the time, had gotten hold of blue contacts and black uniforms from somewhere. Denis had invited all the high-ranking officers to the room. The SINNers had surrounded the Admiral and he, then, had called them sir. He had kept turning around and seeing a new prince. The other officers, of course, hadn't seen any of this. All they saw was their Admiral standing still, staring ahead. The SINNers then went into the shadows and Denis came out. The Admiral, confused, had started calling Denis by every dirty name possible, including colorful descriptions of his ancestry and personal habits. Well, Denis had to protect his and his Father's honor, didn't he? The Admiral suddenly started turning blue and fell down, left for dead. He wasn't though. Then his body burst. Mica had felt sick but pushed down the feeling as Ian had shown him. Officially, they hadn't even been on the ship.

"What are you doing here?" The youngest boy asked cheerfully, not comprehending the weight of the information that had just been passed over his head.

"We're on leave for a few days so I figured I'd visit home first. I wanted to see how everything was going. We went to see Gerri's family on Alderaan first 'cause it was closer. So we're here, now."

"Is it fun there?" The youngest boy asked again. To him, anything that wasn't fun wasn't worth it.

"It can be fun at times. The twins' surprise party was really wild. We found out their birth date and figured 'why not?' You have no idea how hard it is keeping a secret like that from a couple of princes. But it was worth it. We were laughing for a week after."

"But don't you ever feel threatened by working for a couple of mind readers?" Mica's mother asked.

"Sure. All of our reports start off 'Provided that no one had been messing with my mind, then....'. Besides, we're on first name basis with everyone. We only call them by titles when we've messed up real bad, or when we crack a joke. Like I said, we're more of a gang than an organization. Sir Prince isn't that bad once you get to know him..." Mica started.

"He's worse." Gerri finished the joke. They both smiled.

"So as I was saying, Denis, is that there is no more Rebellion on Alderaan and Correllia." Mica finished. Their trip home HAD been a leave, but Denis had made it into a job.

"That you know of." Denis added. He did have a point, Mica thought. We did go around with our Imperial Uniforms and all that.

"That we know of." Gerri confirmed. He was surprised to see that Denis wasn't concerned by the fact that they didn't really find anything out, just confirmed that if there was an underground resistance, they weren't showing themselves. "What's going on that I don't know about?"

"Gerri, Gerri, Gerri." Denis shook his head. "Think about it this way. If you want to find something out, what's the first thing you do?"

"Distract someone. Oh!" Gerri got it. He'd been the decoy, the one everyone focused on while another team went in to find out what was really going on. "Did it work, sir prince?" He asked casually.

"Yes it... Oh stars!" Denis looked at his chronometer. "Just what I need! Father is going to kill me!" He rushed out of the room.

"You think he is?" Mica asked Gerri, amused.

"Nay, no way." Gerri laughed.

"Sorry I'm late, Father." Denis rushed in late to the Emperor's throne room.

"Why were you late?"

"I was getting reports on the status of the Rebellion on Alderaan and Correlia."

"And?"

"There is none."

"Good. Have all your teams reported in from the different sectors?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"The Rebellion is dead." Denis said proudly.

THE END. TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK. I WELCOME ANY AND ALL COMMENTS ON MY STORY.

End
file.